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THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

IS PUBLISHED IN
STANFORD, KENTUCKY,

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE MAIN STREET, UP STAIRS.

HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.

TERMS—Two Dollars per Year in Advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One inch one-half cent.
One dollar per column. We expect to receive from \$100 to \$200 per month.

Two dollars per column for each word, legal.
Money due before the first word is written. We will not vary from these terms.

ANSUAGING SORROW.

How an Obituary Poet Cheered the Afflicted Families.

Max Adeler to New York Daily.

J. Alfred Brimmer, Esq., editor and proprietor of *The Morning Glory*, having observed the disposition of persons who have been bereaved of their relatives to give expression to their feelings in a poetical form, reflected that it might perhaps be a good thing to introduce to his paper a department of obituary poetry. He considered whether if, when an individual inserted fifty cents' worth of death notice, the establishment should contribute gratuitously half a shillings' worth of mortality stanza, his paper would not at once become the most popular vehicle for the conveyance of that peculiar form of melancholy intelligence to the public. And Mr. Brimmer rightly estimated that, as most newspaper readers seemed to take a deeper interest in such sepulchral news than in information of any other kind, the journal containing the largest number of subscribers.

So Mr. Brimmer determined that he would, as an experiment at any rate, engage an obituary poet for a short time, with the purpose to give him permanent employment if the plan seemed to take with the public. Accordingly he sent for Mr. Bennington Ott, a constructor of verses, who had frequently contributed to the columns of *The Morning Glory*, poems of what would have been considered by a judicious student of English literature an appalling and revolutionary character.

Mr. Brimmer soon effected an arrangement with the bard, by which it was agreed that Mr. Ott should take a position in the office for a short time, and whenever a death notice stricken he should immediately endeavor to get out some verse expressive of the situation.

"You understand, Mr. Ott," explained Brimmer, "that when the death of an individual is announced, I want you, as it were, to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of your noble art. I wish you to throw yourself, you may say, into the situation, and to give them a verse or two about the corpse which will seem to be the expression of the mind of the hearts of the living."

"To lighten the gloom in a certain sense, I suppose?" said Mr. Ott.

Precisely! Lighten the gloom. Do not mourn over the departed; but rather take a joyous view of death, which, after all, Mr. Ott, is, as it were, the entrance to a better life. Therefore, I would advise you to touch the heart strings of the afflicted with a tender hand, and endeavor, for instance, to divert their minds from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb.

"Refrain from despondency, I suppose, and lift their thoughts to—"

"Just so! And at the same time combine elevating sentiment with such practical information as you can obtain from the advertisement. Throw the glamour of poetry, for instance, over the commonplace details of the everyday life of the deceased. People are fond of minute description. Some facts useful for this purpose may be obtained from the man who brings the notice to the office; others you may readily supply from your imagination."

"I'll throw off stanzas," said Mr. Ott, "in such a manner that people will want their friends to die for the sake of the poetry."

"But above all," continued the editor, "take a bright view of the matter always. Make the sunshine of smiles burst through the tempest of tears; and, if we don't make *The Morning Glory* hum around among the mourners of this town, my name is not Brimmer."

He was right. It did hum.

The next day Bennington Ott went on duty, and Brimmer ran down to the gas-shore for a breath of fresh air. All through the day death notices came pouring in, and when one would reach Ott, he would seize it and study it up to ascertain particulars. Then he would rush up stairs, lock himself in his room, take down his rhyming dictionary, run his fingers through his hair, and back away half an hour at a piece of paper until he considered that he had the poetry in a shape which would make the stricken family feel proud of the corpse. When his day's work was done, Ott went home with the conviction that the *Morning Glory* had finally robed death of its ter-

rors, and made life comparatively valueless.

In the morning Mr. Ott proceeded calmly to the office, for the purpose of embalming in sympathy versus the memory of their departed ones. As he came near to the establishment he observed a crowd of five or six thousand people in front of it, struggling to get into the door. Climbing a tree, he overlooked the crowd, and could see within the office the clerks selling papers as fast as they could handle them, while the mob pushed and jostled, and yelled, in frantic efforts to obtain copies—the press in the cellar meanwhile clanging away like mad. Upon the curbside in front of him there was a line stretching down the street for four squares, each man engaged in reading *The Morning Glory* with an earnestness that Mr. Ott had never before seen displayed by the patrons of that sheet. The band concluded either that his poetry had touched a sympathetic chord in the popular heart or that an appalling disaster had occurred in some quarter of the globe.

He went around to the back of the office and ascended to the editorial rooms. As he approached the smothering loud voices were heard within. Mr. Ott determined to ascertain the cause before entering. He obtained a chair and, placing it by the side door, he mounted and peeped over the door through the transoms. There sat J. Alfred Brimmer, holding *The Morning Glory* in both hands, while the fringe which grew in a semi-circle around the edge of his bald head stood straight out, until it seemed to resemble a gigantic gun-sabre. Two or three other persons stood in front of him in threatening attitudes. Ott heard one of them say:

"Read that horrible mockery of my woe, and tell me the name of the writer, so that I can chastise him."

The editor read as follows:

"We have lost our little Hannah in a very painful manner.

And we often asked, 'How can her harsh suffering be borne?' With a sad smile she replied, 'For it supported, for it relieved her.'

"She was such a little sample, that her father, Ruthie, longed to cure if he only smiled in his arms. She goes, we hope to Heaven, at the early age of seven.

"Cancer stuck us at seven; when shall we never more be pain?

"As a consequence of this infamy I withdraw all the county advertising from your paper. A man who could trifl in this manner with the feelings of a parent is a savage and scoundrel!"

As the sheriff went out, Brimmer placed his head upon the table and fell asleep.

Precisely as a specter past him.

This is simply diabolical! My late brother had no wife upon his nose, sir. He had upon his nose neither a pink wart nor a green wart, nor a crimson-colored wart, nor a wart of any other color. It is a slender. It is a gracious insult to my family, and I distinctly know what you mean by such conduct?"

"Really, sir," said Brimmer, "it is a mistake. This is the horrid work of an incendiary miscreant, whom I trusted as a brother. He shall be punished by my hand for this outrage. A pink wart! Awful, sir—awful! The miserable scoundrel shall suffer for this, he shall indeed!"

"How could I know," murmured Ott, "that the corpse had a pink wart? I used to know a man named McGhee, and he had one, and I thought all the McGhees had. That comes of irregularities in families."

"And who," said another man, addressing the editor, "caused you to print this hideous stuff about my deceased son?"

"You disgraceful old reprobate! You are unmerciful and disgusting vampire!

You heartless old ghoul! What do you mean by putting such stuff as this in your vile sheet about my deceased son? What you mean by printing such awful doggerel as this, you depraved and dissolute scoundrels—you indecent old quill-drivers!"

"Oh! my bare Bartholomew out in the woods,

In a beautiful hole in the ground,

And a voice he crooked the yulet all off, it made

His deadly sick;

And his deadly hoars he clasped that monkey

In his hand;

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